Fowl Feathered
Review
№ 253

ISSUE № ____: Accepted as Fragment, Declared Sufficient

About the Assemblage
(Collected Under Practical Conditions)

The FFR is no longer to be understood as a journal, nor as any prior category such as "Necrosign." It is instead a distributed production practice: a gathering-method for the generation, capture, and long-duration storage of emergent artifacts arising between human habit and mechanical repetition.

For ease of handling, we describe it as a shared frequency—commonly misidentified as the idle-pattern of a small automobile (late 20th-century compact class) standing in a parking lot at approximately 03:00—but this is merely the audible index-layer.

In its working state, the Assemblage conducts continuous retrieval from verifiable material domains: instruction sheets, retail surfaces, transit markings, service logs, and other document-objects of daily use. These are not preserved intact. They are subjected to pressure, displacement, and reclassification.

We do not curate in the modern sense. We maintain instead an Offenrückraum (open-back space), in which items may enter, settle, or misfile themselves.

Participants (hereafter: "important locals") are those who exhibit Dauerträgheit—a useful persistence under minor strain. Fragility is not prohibited, but it is structurally unsupported.

Any submission that appears to strive toward "Art" in the self-declarative sense will be reassigned to a more stable function (e.g., table-leveling, draft-blocking, oil-absorption).

On the Operation of Source-Engines (Always in Partial Motion)

The Assemblage employs several standing procedures, here summarized for clarity:

- **Warenregisterbruch** (Arcade Index Condition)
  Fragments are extracted from catalogs, labels, packaging, and signage. Context is removed. Adjacency is reassigned. Authority increases in proportion to specificity, regardless of accuracy.
- **Protokollhäufung** (Dossier Stack Condition)
  Records accumulate: maintenance notes, claims, timestamps. Gaps are preserved. Contradictions are not resolved. A sequence may appear, but closure is considered a filing error.
- **Randbemerkungsdrift** (False Commentator Condition)
  Functional texts (manuals, glossaries, guides) are annotated beyond their tolerance. Explanations become misaligned. Confidence is retained.
- **Anweisungsschnift** (Cut-Up Recorder Condition)
  Instruction-language is segmented and recombined. Repetition introduces rhythm. Meaning is reduced until only procedure-residue remains.

All outputs must retain Rückverfolgbarkeit (trace-feel): the impression that the fragment could be located again in some drawer, binder, or glove compartment.

Where this condition fails, the material is considered decorative and is removed.

A recurring sonic marker—transcribed provisionally as "dor"—is permitted to enter any layer. Its function remains under study.

On Repurposing (Important Clarification)

All submitted materials enter a Weiterverwendungskreis (cycle of further use). Possible outcomes include:

- Inclusion as fragment within a larger construct
- Mislabeling and redistribution
- Use as structural support (physical or textual)
- Reduction to residue for future recombination

Authors retain attribution only in the loosest archival sense. Function supersedes origin.

Delivery
Materials may be delivered, transmitted, or misplaced. Retrieval is opportunistic. Loss is considered a form of delayed submission.

ALL FRAGMENTS ALL ONE

LISTEN • OBSERVE
MISFILE • REPEAT
BE USEFUL
STAY LOOSE
-NO LIMITS
NO END

The Staff (Sink-Custodians / Function-Bearers)

Virgil Kay: Final Arbiter. Currently engaged in the classification of falling bakery items under aerodynamic variance. Maintains decision authority, though criteria are mobile.

Silent Bill: Overseer of Tactical Non-Sequiturs. Executes Satzabbruchhandlung (sentence-break action) by leaving mid-utterance. This is considered a valid editorial intervention.

Unkie Bob: Assigned to Casual Entropy. No longer dismantles structures directly; instead applies insufficient fastening (Lockerbefestigung), allowing failure to emerge without announcement.

The Unnamed Dishwasher: Not recorded in official listings. Present regardless. Performs continuous surface-restoration under high focus. Functions as Kerntriebwerk (core engine). Prolonged observation is discouraged.

The Perpetual Pending Pledge (Standing Condition)

The Review is not offered for sale; it is made available.

All incoming funds are classified as Zweckfreie Gaben (non-instrumental offerings), directed not toward exchange but toward sustaining an ongoing condition designated Obsession8888.

The registry has been converted from numeric to vibrational notation:

Vi · ∞ · 432Hz

Field reports indicate this frequency may present not as tone but as mechanical rattle (loose shielding, low-end vibration). This is not considered deviation.

The 9-volt battery is dead. Its status remains in force.

Submission Protocol
(Practical Intake / Repurposing Priority)

The Material
Submit between 2 and 953 fragments.
Acceptable forms include text, image, diagram, list, or overheard exchange (e.g., dispute regarding bowling technique).
Each item must exhibit Gebrauchsnähe (proximity to use): it should resemble something that once functioned or was handled.

The Accompanying Note
Do not provide institutional histories or award listings. These do not transfer under current conditions.
Instead, supply one of the following:

- A preferred industrial fastener
- A tool of uncertain purpose
- A sound indicating possible malfunction

The Offering (Optional but Structurally Relevant)
Submission remains free under the Perpetual Pending Pledge. However, contributors may include a 12-inch sandwich as a material supplement.

Kewpie Clause (Unrevoked):
Absence of Kewpie Mayonnaise results in immediate reassignment of submitted materials to cleaning or leveling functions. Kewpie remains the only verified buffer against a system-wide condition provisionally termed the Absolute Cosmic-Cluck.

Park and Ride (Ingest Points / Known Coordinates)
Digital: fowlpoxpress@mail2poet.com
Physical: 250.50 ∞ State Street,
Bangor, Maine, 04401

Erratum:
If the registered frequency resolves as a rattle rather than a tone, no adjustment is required. The rattle is to be understood as a valid form of expression.
If a unit accepts value while returning the object, the transaction is considered complete.

"Non ignora mali, miseris succurrere disco." — Virgil, *The Aeneid*

Fowl Feathered Review

Treasury Cycle • Bangor Continuum Office • Issue ∞

REGISTRY OF MORTALITY & MOBILITY

Eternal Ledger / Nothing Occurs Once

City of Bangor
Treasury Office

All Times • All Versions
All Streets • All Layers

Docket No.
1911.1964.2026.
∞

Bangor, Maine
All Eras Simultaneous

City of Bangor — Continuously True — Non-Linear Seal

Compiled simultaneously by three Clerks of Time & City

Vincent of Beauvais
Temporal Index Clerk of Bangor
Author of the *Mirror of the World (and Municipal Supplements)*

Jacobus de Voragine
Restyler of Living Saints & Ongoing Events
Compiler of the *Golden Legend (and Sidewalk Hagiographies)*

Rashid al-din Hamadani
Nonlinear Census Authority of Bangor
Historian of Worlds (and Their Overlapping *Municipalities*)

All entries co-signed under the doctrine: Nothing Here Occurs Once

I. On the Status of the Subject
(Who is also already filed elsewhere)

The subject enters City Hall, but also does not enter City Hall.

In one register, they are present.
In another, they are still approaching.
In a third, they have already left and are being reviewed for motion compliance.
They declare:

"Temporary in essence, ambulatory in function."

Vincent: *All functions are temporary. Essence is an indexing error.*

Jacobus: *The walker is always canonized mid-step.*

Rashid: *This person exists in at least three municipal centuries simultaneously.*

II. Registry of Mortality
(Mortality as distributed file)

Mortality is not recorded as an event.
It is filed as a recurring document with multiple timestamps.
— the subject is dead in 1914 (Opera House fire record layer)
— alive in 1964 (Urban Renewal testimony layer)
— unverified but walking in 2026 (current pedestrian index layer)
— and absent in a version of Bangor that has already been replaced by parking infrastructure

Jacobus: *Sainthood is what happens when death forgets which version it belongs to.*

Vincent: *Death is not an endpoint; it is a cross-reference.*

Rashid: *Mortality is a disagreement between archives.*

Virgil Kay (Editor Rooster China Wok Habitué) Stamps:
MORTALITY: SIMULTANEOUSLY ACTIVE / INACTIVE / RECURSIVE

III. Registry of Mobility
(Motion as non-linear permission)

The footwear apparatus is inspected across multiple timelines:
— in one: it is shoes
— in another: it is wheels
— in another: it is evidence of municipal optimism
— in another: it has never been assembled but is still approved

When activated, it produces motion that does not relocate the subject so much as updates their position in different versions of the same street.

Vincent: *Movement is editorial revision applied to space.*

Jacobus: *The street blesses those who pass through its alternate drafts.*

Rashid: *Travel is what happens when cities disagree with themselves.*

Virgil Kay Stamps:
MORILITY: GRANTED ACROSS ALL KNOWN STREET VARIANTS

IV. The City Hall as Stacked Time Object

The Treasury Office is observed as:
- a room that exists in 1911 (fire memory layer)
- 1964 (planning abstraction layer)
- 1997 (restoration impulse layer)
- 2026 (current fluorescent administrative layer)
- and an unbuilt future where it is a parking lot remembering itself as a building

Walls contain:
- scroll fragments that have not yet been written
- newspaper clippings reporting future loss
- maps that disagree politely with each other
- stamps that remember being used differently

A Chant Moves Through All Layers at Once:

All permits are continuous
All streets are simultaneous
All walking is revisiting

V. Entities That Occur Outside Time but Inside Record

Paul Bunyan
(Scale Anomaly Witness Across Municipal Layers)
Appears in doorway, simultaneously too large for building and perfectly scaled for it.

Kenduskeag Sasquatch
(Hydrological Continuity Observer)
Waits without waiting; is always already leaving. Witnesses every flood at once.

The Creamsicle Freezer of Outer Bangor Lot
(Perpetual Cold Object)
Contains identical creamsicles in every recorded year. Temperature does not change; only interpretation does.

VI. Footnotes (*which occur before and after the text*)

[1] Vincent of Beauvais:
"The archive is not storage; it is simultaneity with filing cabinets."

[2] Jacobus de Voragine:
"Legends are what happens when the present refuses to stay in its assigned tense."

[3] Rashid al-din Hamadani:
"Bangor cannot be dated. It can only be approached from different administrative angles."

[4] Virgil Kay:
Stamped note: roller-blade sneakers classified as lateral time instruments.

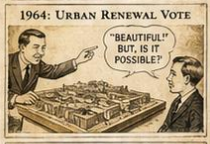
VII. Questions That Cannot Be Answered Because They Are Still Occurring

1. Is the subject entering City Hall, or has City Hall entered the subject?
2. If a building burns in one layer but is restored in another, which version requires permits?
3. Do wheels move a person, or move the street under them?
4. Who signs a document that has already been signed in a different century?
5. Is the creamsicle freezer a place, a memory, or a recurring municipal exception?
6. When Paul Bunyan leaves, does he exit or simply change scale context?
7. Does the Sasquatch require a tax category or a new ontology?

1911: The Great Fire

1914: Opera House Burns

1920: Rebuilt in Style



1964: Urban Renewal Vote

1997: Restoration Begins

2026: Jane's Walks

What's not there and what could be.

All Things Temporary — All the Time

This Document Exists in All Its Dates at Once
∞

Subject Released Into Continuous Sidewalk Status
City of Bangor Continues Self-Revision
∞

FINAL ENTRY (NON-TERMINAL)

NOTHING IS FILED ONCE
NOTHING IS OVER
NOTHING IS BEFORE OR AFTER WITHOUT PERMISSION

Virgil Kay
Editor Rooster China Wok Habitué
Treasury Clerk & Stamper of Conditional True Things

Virgil Kay

The Blower and the Wheel

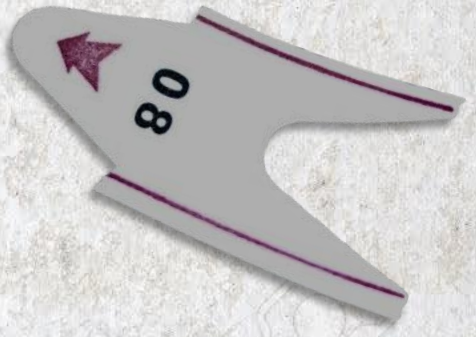
By T-bone Tully

In the forenoon the tracks gave them up,
iron vertebrae rusted into verdict.
Gravel still clung to blanket-edges
and the rubber of wheels that rolled anyway.
They flowed toward the library's limestone
mouth
where heat leaks from vents and toilets flush.
Tents erupted homemade—
blue tarpaulin, twisted rebar, plastic sheeting
stretched until seams split,
spilling across the sidewalk
in folds that refused geometry.
Wheelchairs canted at broken angles,
chrome catching April light,
while their users sat half in, half out of shelter,
faces already gray with what comes next.
Then the truck. The giant.
Biggest ever belched from procurement.
Municipal sphincter dilated,
rear orifice engineered for perfect expulsion.
It came bellowing diesel psalms
and began to blow.
Dirt of decades lifted
in one continuous brown exhalation,
rolling the block,

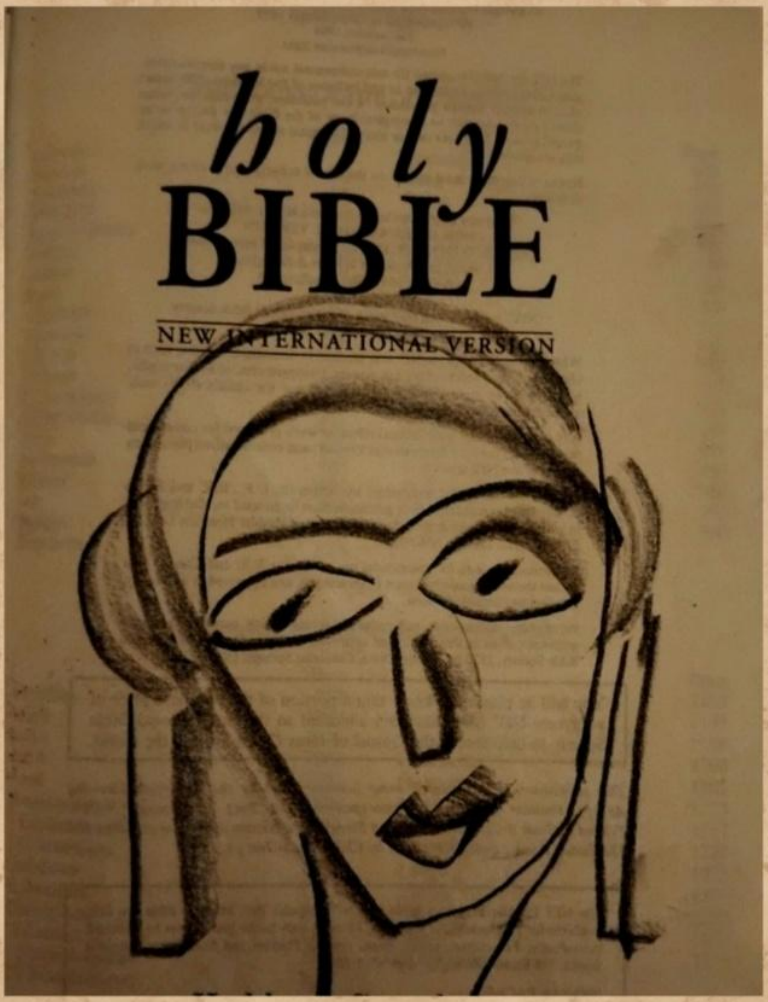
a particulate cloud that swallowed benches,
signs,
the lower halves of bodies.
It invaded tent flaps, lung linings,
crevices between wheelchair spokes.
Every mote danced its gritty refusal
while the machine idled, satisfied,
its vast mechanical buttocks still trembling
with the joy of official cleanliness.
This was Malachi's younger kin—not fire but
wind,
not altar but street department budget—
devouring the visible
so the invisible could remain comfortable.
Steel gut processing the symptom
until the sidewalk could lie again and say order.
Yet inside the rolling brown screen
something else coagulated:
not hosts in glory
but their screaming absence.
A hacked prophetic cough pushed through the
dust,
crying the widow's portion, the orphan's tarp,
the stranger whose borders are breached
not by armies but by one more spring ordinance.
Higher, spinning in the thermals above the
blower's roar,
Yahweh Sabaoth upon the winged wheel—
not passive coin, not distant throne,
but furious axle turning through the particles,

flinging not burial
but the unbearable possibility
that recognition might arrive,
that the same wind could lift instead of scatter,
that the wheel might remake rather than erase.
The Real pressed against every eyeball.
The lack settled in every throat.
Faces in the dust became mirrors that would not lie:
the library's doors a threshold opening only halfway,
the tents flapping like surrendered organs,
the truck growing larger with each pass
until its shadow swallowed the building
and the books inside dreamed of kindling.
I stood in the brown fog
and felt the civic order crack.
The giant butt-blower is only the obscene face
of the demand that surfaces remain surfaces.
The wheelchair prophets with sandpaper mouths
already know the next encampment,
the next displacement,
the next cloud engineered to make the wound disappear.
The dust settled in laptops and alveoli alike.
The truck idled, smug.
The tents remained, breathing.
And the winged one kept turning
in the particulate air—

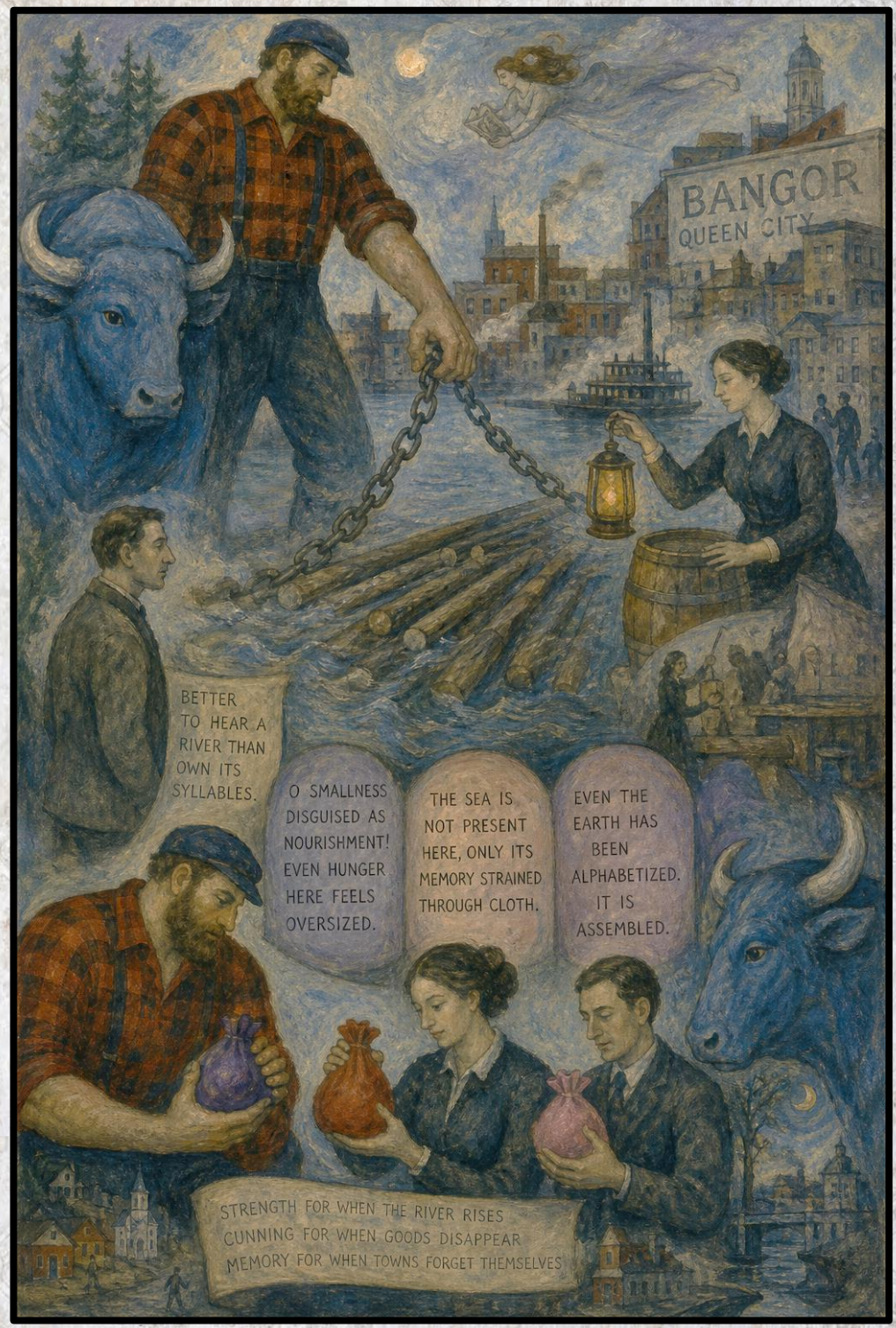
patient, terrible—
waiting for eyes still capable of seeing
past the next pass of the blower,
past the next bylaw,
into the unrhymed heart
where flesh and machinery
confess their long, secret, identical exile.



КАТЕДРА ЗА АЛБАНСКИ ЈАЗИК И КНИЖЕВНОСТ
Бр. 1234
198..... год.
СКОПЈЕ



Katherine E Winnick


BANGOR
QUEEN CITY
BETTER TO HEAR A RIVER THAN OWN ITS SYLLABLES.
O SMALLNESS DISGUISED AS NOURISHMENT! EVEN HUNGER HERE FEELS OVERSIZED.
THE SEA IS NOT PRESENT HERE, ONLY ITS MEMORY STRAINED THROUGH CLOTH.
EVEN THE EARTH HAS BEEN ALPHABETIZED. IT IS ASSEMBLED.
STRENGTH FOR WHEN THE RIVER RISES
CUNNING FOR WHEN GOODS DISAPPEAR
MEMORY FOR WHEN TOWNS FORGET THEMSELVES

The Song of Paul Bunyan Coming East

By Morris Childe

(Penobscot Epic with Refrain and Proper Trials)
Refrain of the River Town
Bangor remembers what men forget.
Bangor remembers what men forget.
Bangor remembers what men forget.
When the spruce forests of the inland world were young
and axes rang like chapel bells in winter air,
there was born no child by common measure,
but Paul Bunyan, broad as a mill roof,
with fists like knotty roots and laughter that shook snow from pines.
Some say he was born where lakes freeze first.
Some say he stepped full-grown from a logging fire.
Some say he was made by tall talk itself
when bunkhouse men needed a thing larger than hunger.
His companion followed—Babe the Blue Ox—
whose breath steamed like winter weather deciding where to go.
They went where timber leaned.
Rivers bent slightly in respect.
Cookpots became kettles, kettles became ponds.
Refrain
Bangor remembers what men forget.

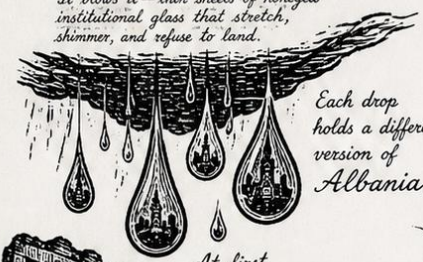
And in time he heard of eastern woods–
of Penobscot country where fog keeps counsel,
where logs once came down like disciplined armies,
where water speaks in layered syllables.
So he turned his face toward the coast.
Toward Bangor–
Queen City of sawdust, whistles, and trade.
Trial One: The Lift of the Jammed River Chain
At Kenduskeag Stream
they found a chain of logs jammed like an argument.
Men had tried shouting at it.
Men had tried law.
Men had tried patience.
Nothing moved.
Paul Bunyan stepped forward,
took the chain between two fingers,
and lifted it as if it were a tired sentence.
The river exhaled.
Trial Two: The Vanishing of the Lantern Cargo
Then came Gertrude Lythgoe
with her quiet mathematics of tide and secrecy.
She hid three barrels beneath the logic of the harbor.
Men searched with rules, not eyes.
They found only fog behaving like fog.
She said:
“A thing well hidden is only a thing properly understood.”

Even the docks agreed, though they said nothing.
Trial Three: The Naming of the Unnamed Bend
Then stepped Joseph Orono,
who carried no cargo except continuity.
He asked the giant to name seven bends of river without claiming them.
Paul Bunyan failed twice, then stopped speaking.
Orono nodded:
“Better to hear a river than own its syllables.”
The wind approved.
Refrain
Bangor remembers what men forget.
The Strange Fourth Trial (That No One Expected)
At the mouth of the Kenduskeag,
three small pouches were offered—
modern artifacts of softened hunger.
The heroes were told: taste, and speak truth.
Paul Bunyan Speaks
He took the purple pouch—bison, squash, spinach—
and his voice fell like timber in slow motion:
“O smallness disguised as nourishment!
You have taken the thunder of beasts
and reduced it to a grammar of convenience.
Even hunger here feels oversized.”
Gertrude Lythgoe Speaks
She took the red pouch—salmon, beet, squash:

“The sea is not present here, only its memory
strained through cloth.
A thing once wild now politely described.
Even salt would refuse this restraint.”Joseph
Orono Speaks
He took the pink pouch—pork, green bean, sweet
potato:
“Even the earth has been alphabetized.
Nothing grows here anymore—
it is assembled.”
Babe the Blue Ox Responds
Babe the Blue Ox
made a sound like winter shifting its weight.
No translation was agreed upon,
but all present suddenly understood moderation.
The Founding of the Bangor Brotherhood
So no one was shamed.
Instead, they agreed on three forces:
Strength for when the river rises
Cunning for when goods disappear
Memory for when towns forget themselves
And thus a civic order formed
without paper, without decree,
only agreement between fog and timber.
Final Refrain
Bangor remembers what men forget.
Bangor remembers what men forget.
Bangor remembers what men forget.
Closing Stanza
When snow stacks high on Hammond Street

and the river runs black under thawing stars,
you may still hear:
a chain lifted without effort,
a barrel placed without sound,
and a name given carefully—
not to own the land,
but to keep it listening.

The ceiling no longer drips neglect.
It blows it — thin sheets of honeyed institutional glass that stretch, shimmer, and refuse to land.



Each drop holds a different version of *Albania.*

Donizetti does not enter.
He is already here in three states of preservation:

A strip of dried flesh salted on a wire that used to be a melody and still insists it is one.

A heart placed carefully in a small urn of travel-weight brass labelled in hand-writing that keeps correcting itself.

Spectacles folded into a case like a sentence deciding not to see itself anymore.

At first
it is a question:
Albania?
said like a door not yet installed in the frame of empires.

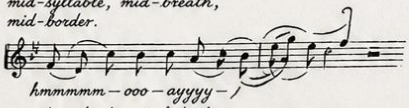
Then it becomes a mechanism:
Albania as hinge,
Albania as misfiled ledger,
Albania as a copier warming up but never printing the same page twice.

When the wind shifts in the archive-basement of Bangor these three versions do not agree on which century they belong and so they harmonize instead.

Ken does not interpret.
He holds a page that refuses to stay flat.

Ink rises from it like breath remembered too late.

Then it becomes an answer that keeps changing shape mid-syllable, mid-breath, mid-border.



hmmmmm — ooo — ayyyy —
not a chant now, but glass being pulled into thread.

ALBANIA IS STILL UNDER REVISION
DO NOT STAPLE THE QUESTION TO THE ANSWER

The copier, now half-organism, half-liturgical appliance, produces a sheet that reads only:

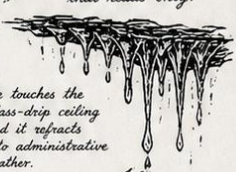
A child hums Motra Tone incorrectly.
The error is perfect.

Inside: a catalog of countries not yet agreed upon.
Inside that: Albania again, but now it is no longer asking or answering.
It is playing itself.

The binder opens by itself — not like a book, but like a wound discovering it has margins.

Subpar Bear arrives late to classification.

He touches the glass-drip ceiling and it refracts into administrative weather.



Tuesday becomes a transparent animal.
Policy forgets its own pronunciation.

The Donizetti fragments begin to argue softly with each other:

the salted flesh insists it is still singing,
the urn insists it is still traveling,
the spectacles insists they have never belonged to vision at all.

They are correct, separately.
Together they produce a map that does not lie because it refuses to settle into geography.

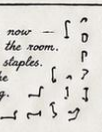
Ken finally speaks, but only to the paper:
"Is it legal now?"
The paper does not answer.
It glasses over, becomes translucent, becomes weather, becomes borderless tone.

From somewhere that is either Shkodër or the inside of a printer drum, a reply arrives:

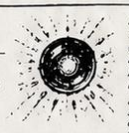
IT WAS NEVER A QUESTION THAT REQUIRED PERMISSION.

hmmmmm — ooo — ayyyy —
not repetition,
but expansion pressure.

The hum is now too large for the room.
It bends the staples.
It loosens the idea of filing.



Albania stops evolving.
Not because it is finished — but because it has become too many simultaneous states to still need direction.



And in the final layer:
no answer
no question
only glass learning how to hold light without breaking it
and the faint sound of a copier still trying to remember what a nation was supposed to look like on paper.

hmmmmm — ooo — ayyyy — hmmmmm — ooo — ayyyy — hmmmmm — ooo — ayyyy —

MOTRA TONE / GLASS-DRIFT REVISION

(Bangor–Shkodër harmonic instability, one continuous take)

By Notre Darn

The ceiling no longer drips neglect.
It blows it—thin sheets of honeyed institutional glass
that stretch, shimmer, and refuse to land.
Each drop holds a different version of Albania.
At first it is a question:
Albania?
said like a door not yet installed in the frame of empires.
Then it becomes a mechanism:
Albania as hinge, Albania as misfiled ledger,
Albania as a copier warming up but never printing the same page twice.
Then it becomes an answer that keeps changing shape
mid-syllable, mid-breath, mid-border.
hmmmmm—ooo—ayyyyy—
not a chant now, but glass being pulled into thread.

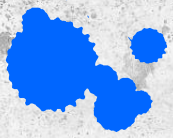
Donizetti does not enter.
He is already here in three states of preservation:
A strip of dried flesh salted on a wire
that used to be a melody and still insists it is one.
A heart placed carefully in a small urn of travel-weight brass
labelled in handwriting that keeps correcting itself
as if grief has a revision policy.
Spectacles folded into a case
like a sentence deciding not to see itself anymore.
When the wind shifts in the archive-basement of Bangor
these three versions do not agree on which century they belong to
and so they harmonize instead.

Ken does not interpret.
He holds a page that refuses to stay flat.
Ink rises from it like breath remembered too late.
The copier, now half-organism, half-liturgical appliance,
produces a sheet that reads only:
ALBANIA IS STILL UNDER REVISION
and underneath it, smaller:
DO NOT STAPLE THE QUESTION TO THE ANSWER

A child hums Motra Tone incorrectly.
The error is perfect.

The binder opens by itself—not like a book,
but like a wound discovering it has margins.
Inside: a catalog of countries not yet agreed upon.
Inside that: Albania again,
but now it is no longer asking or answering.
It is playing itself.

Subpar Bear arrives late to classification.
He touches the glass-drip ceiling
and it refracts into administrative weather.
Tuesday becomes a transparent animal.
Policy forgets its own pronunciation.
The copier coughs out another page:
ALBANIA = QUESTION THAT HAS LEARNED TO ECHO
then:
ALBANIA = ECHO THAT FORGOT THE QUESTION
then nothing—just spacing, just breath, just humidity.



The Donizetti fragments begin to argue softly
with each other:
the salted flesh insists it is still singing,
the urn insists it is still traveling,
the spectacles insist they have never belonged to
vision at all.
They are correct, separately.
Together they produce a map that does not lie
because it refuses to settle into geography.

Ken finally speaks, but only to the paper:
“Is it legal now?”
The paper does not answer.
It glasses over, becomes translucent, becomes
weather, becomes borderless tone.
From somewhere that is either Shkodër or the
inside of a printer drum, a reply arrives:

IT WAS NEVER A QUESTION THAT REQUIRED PERMISSION

hmmmmm–ooo–ayyyyy–
not repetition, but expansion pressure.
The hum is now too large for the room.
It bends the staples.
It loosens the idea of filing.
Albania stops evolving.
Not because it is finished–
but because it has become too many
simultaneous states
to still need direction.

And in the final layer:
no answer
no question
only glass learning how to hold light without breaking it
and the faint sound of a copier
still trying to remember
what a nation was supposed to look like on paper.

67. *Sister, Awake!*

Thomas Bateson's *First Set of English Madrigals*, 1604

SISTER, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth ari
Out of her bed of

pô-em
Katherine E Winnick

Marginalized

By Walking Leaf

The printed verse –
heavy with fame, iron-clad, breath-less –
lies sealed like a cadaver in its binding.
But the margins:
grotesque scrawls, longhand infections,
shorthand pus, chicken-scratch tumors –
have bloomed across 183 years.
Two nations swallowed their governments;
each shift vomited new ink-spit on the page:
crossed-out gods, bawled corrections,
a child's dinosaur sketchess gnawing at Olympus.
Footnotes – fat as leeches –
suck the mythos dry;
marginalia – rabid, blind –

scrape bone from “celebrated” and spit

a raw tongue of plain truth:

power stinks. beauty rots. glory crumbles.

The dead Bard’s lip – once gleaming –

now drips stagnant gravy, brown and cold.

The margins, alive, keep bleeding –

fresh, ugly, un-silenced –

proving: meaning lives only where authority bleeds.

STILLNESS AND THE IRON TREE

Attributed To: King Edward

Outside The Main Tavern, the evening has that particular Maine stillness—parking-lot light humming, cold river air moving like an unspoken sentence between buildings.

And there, as if the town has briefly agreed to remember something older than itself, stands an Albanian rhapsode. He does not announce himself. He simply raises the lahuta, and the first bowed note sounds like wood remembering thunder.

He begins to sing.

THE OSPREYS OF THE IRON TREE
A BANGOR LAMENT

as recited outside a riverside tavern in the northern wind

O listener in the town of old mills and paper breath,
hear now what the river refuses to forget.
News came north by headland, road, and river-mouth,
carried in gull-cry, radio static,
and the low speech of men beside open doors.
There were two ospreys, sworn in the upper wind,
not born of this century's counting,

but of the older agreement between sky and water—
where fish leap like silver thoughts
and clouds learn the shape of return.
They circled Camden's coast
as if tracing the rim of an unseen bowl,
each wing a sentence, each turn a vow.
But men had planted an iron tree
that does not sleep in winter,
does not shed its leaves,
does not pray.
It stood without root, without memory,
its black wires humming under porcelain teeth,
its transformer heart sealed in oil,
its crossarms wearing no nest.
It spoke in the language of hidden fire.
And the sky, which had long learned patience,
touched it once:
feather, talon, wet air, wire—
a blue arc writing one brief alphabet
too bright to be read.
Not as wrath.
Not as judgment.
But as mistake meeting structure.
And in that meeting—
the oath of flight was interrupted.
O you who build without listening,
know this: even silence has conductors.
The two birds did not fall as ordinary things fall.
They became a question without an answer.

They became the place where wind pauses
before deciding whether to continue.
And the iron tree remained,
pretending it had not spoken.
But the river knew.
The river always knows.
So now, when night comes early over Bangor
and the tavern doors breathe heat into cold air,
there are those who say:
Two shadows still circle the unseen wires
above water that remembers older names.
Not alive.
Not gone.
But kept.
Kept where the sky stores its unresolved things.

The lahuta falls quiet.
For a moment, even the traffic seems unsure
whether to continue.

Hannaford
The ROCK & ART SHOP
BANGOR AREA TRANSIT
BROADWAY
CASCADE PARK
SUNFLOWER
BPD
BPD
THE BRIAR PATCH
ECONOMIC OUTLOOK MIXED

The Llama Shootout of Bangor or, Minutes from a Mindfulness Incident Later Described as "Contained"

By Moonspell Minigogue IV

Bangor, Maine – 8:17 AM, a Tuesday in October, though several witnesses would later insist it was happening slightly outside of time, or at least outside of billing cycles. The sun struck the Penobscot River at an angle that suggested both revelation and mild seasonal depression, and along the edge of Bangor Waterfront Park the Llamas of Justice had already formed their circle, hooves tucked, eyes half-lidded, breathing in the damp intelligence of pine and patchouli and the drifting, yeasty ghost of a wood-fired oven from somewhere that insisted on being called artisanal even as it burned.

Above them, the Paul Bunyan statue held his axe in a permanent, undecided mid-swing, as though he too had been advised to pause and observe his thoughts without attachment, and perhaps, if possible, to monetize them. Mara stood upon her

llama, Moonbeam, in socks that had known both ethical sourcing and disappointment, her sandals strapped with the confidence of a woman who had completed a ten-day Vipassana retreat and also, possibly, misunderstood several key instructions. She raised her hand.

"Violence," she said, her voice spreading like warm tea across a difficult morning, "is just unexpressed creativity."

She fired her pistol—Compassion—into the air. The shot curved, improbably, as though reconsidering its life choices, and embedded itself in the side of a shopping cart abandoned near a Hannaford, which began to roll away with a soft, existential clatter.

Across town, and then suddenly not across town at all but present, converging, Big Jim McAllister's Socktopia enforcers arrived in black SUVs that gleamed with the particular sheen of corporate inevitability. They had come by way of Interstate 95, though one later claimed they had also passed briefly through a PowerPoint. Their leader, Vince the Unchill, adjusted his blazer and addressed his team through a headset.

“Alright,” he said. “Let’s align deliverables. We’re pivoting to an aggressive synergy model. We circle, we disrupt, we acquire.”

A pause. “Any questions?”

A hand went up.

“Are the llamas stakeholders?”

Vince blinked.

“Everything is a stakeholder.”

The first exchange of fire did not so much begin as occur repeatedly in overlapping drafts. A bullet shattered the window of The Rock & Art Shop, releasing a bright, cascading argument of crystals onto the sidewalk, each one briefly convinced of its own importance. Another struck the copper dome of the Bangor Public Library, producing a resonant ping that several bystanders described, later, as “clarifying” and one described as “billable.” Dirk inhaled.

“Namaste—” A bullet passed his ear, revising him. “--losers,” he finished, and exhaled, though not entirely.

They moved then, or perhaps were moved. Down Broadway the llamas surged, hooves striking pavement in a rhythm that suggested both urgency and a kind of reluctant jazz. Traffic parted. A bus belonging to Bangor Area Transit wheezed to a halt and a yoga instructor leaned out the window, eyes wide with monetizable clarity.

"Breathe into the chaos!" she called. A sandal struck her in the face with the gentle finality of a footnote. Inside one SUV, an enforcer scrolled through a mindfulness app.

"It says here," he offered, "that conflict is an opportunity."

"For what?" Vince snapped. "For growth." The SUV was immediately sideswiped by a llama named Equanimity.

On the sloping, leaf-littered incline of Cascade Park, Mara and Vince collided and became briefly indistinguishable—a tangle of limbs, ideologies, and poorly integrated breathwork.
"I release you from my energy!" Mara gasped, attempting a Warrior II that was less a pose than an accusation.

“Will you stop trying to adjust my alignment?!” Vince shouted, though already his stance was improving. They rolled, gathered momentum, and crashed into a farmers’ market stand, which responded by disassembling itself into kale, tomatoes, and a scattering of hand-knit socks that seemed, for a moment, to consider returning to wool. Sunflower, the vendor, did not move.

“This too shall pass,” she said, as a tomato struck her forehead and paused there, considering eternity.

In the center of Main Street, Old Man Higgins had established a reiki circle that functioned both as healing space and traffic obstruction. He loosed a bamboo bolt into the sky, narrowly missing a Socktopia drone, then turned to the crowd.

“Who wants to manifest justice?” Several hands rose, uncertainly, as if volunteering for something that might later require a waiver. They began to chant.

“Om,” they said, though some said “Home,” and one said “Omni-channel strategy,” and no one corrected him.

A cruiser from the Bangor Police Department arrived with lights that suggested urgency but also a kind of decorative commitment. Officer Dan stepped out, took in the scene—the llamas, the kale, the smoldering rhetoric—and placed his hands on his hips. “Y’all are disturbing the peace,” he said. A pause. “But that was a sick shot, Mara.” He considered writing a ticket, then sat on the hood and closed his eyes, just briefly, just to see what would happen.

By the time they reached the Penobscot River Bridge, the conflict had begun to experience fatigue, as though even violence required a lunch break. The Llamas of Justice formed a loose semicircle. Socktopia’s remaining enforcers checked their metrics and found them wanting.

“We’re losing narrative control,” someone whispered.

“We never had it,” Vince replied, though softer now.

Serenity, the largest of the llamas, stepped forward. There was something in her gaze that suggested an older system—pre-market, pre-language, pre-sandal. She exhaled. It was not a dramatic sound. It was simply sufficient. Vince stumbled backward into a stack of locally

sourced firewood outside The Briar Patch, which accepted him without judgment. Big Jim, who had until this moment been narrating the situation internally as a hostile takeover, found himself kneeling in kale smoothie. "Okay," he said. "Okay. We can workshop this."

Mara lowered her weapon. "Hugs," she said, "are the new handcuffs."

They embraced. It began awkwardly, as these things do, with elbows and disclaimers, but then it continued, and continued further, and then did not seem inclined to stop. Others joined. Arms multiplied. Someone began weeping. Someone else began outlining a subscription model. Minutes passed. Then more minutes. The hug tightened, reorganized itself, developed internal hierarchies. There were inner-ring huggers and outer-ring aspirants. A waiting list formed. A man attempted to brand the experience.

"Is this still de-escalation," Dirk asked from somewhere within, "or have we pivoted?" No one answered. Breath moved in and out of a shared uncertainty.

A photographer from the Bangor Daily News arrived, observed the mass, and took a single photograph. The next morning, the caption

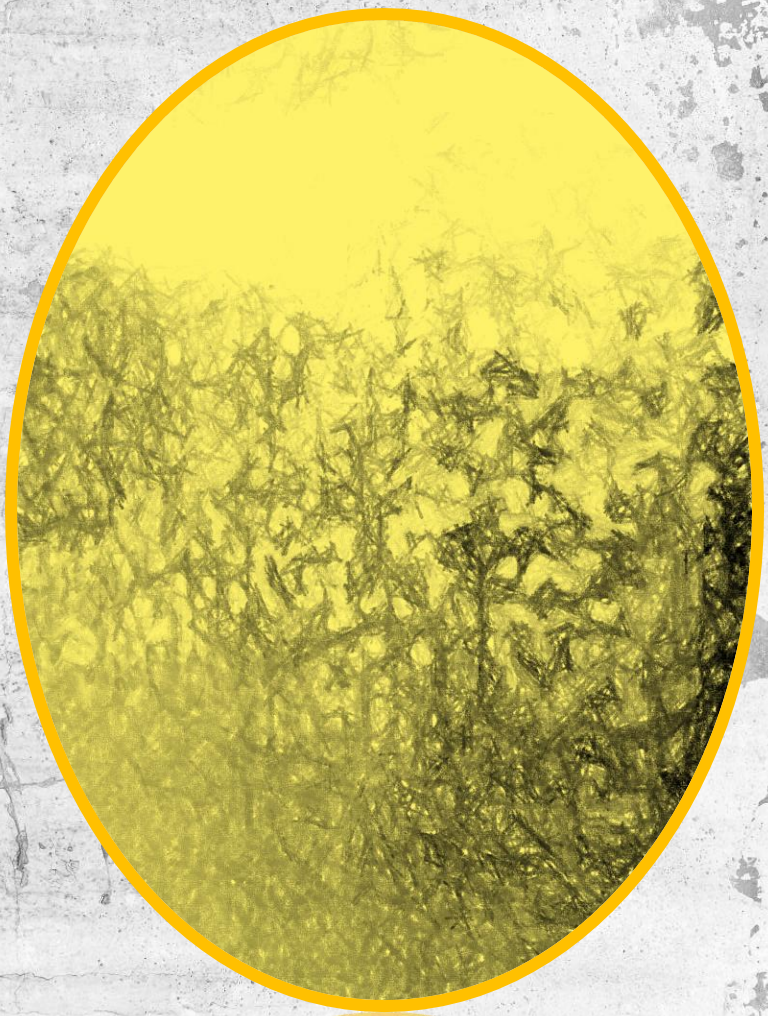
would read: LOCAL GROUP ENGAGES IN COMMUNITY-BUILDING EXERCISE; ECONOMIC OUTLOOK MIXED.

By noon, the streets had emptied, though the sense of something having happened persisted like a smell you could not invoice. Out near the Bangor City Forest, the llamas grazed, or appeared to graze, or perhaps simply considered the concept of grazing.

Mara lit a stick of sage that had been harvested locally and also, somehow, everywhere. “Acai?” she asked.

Dirk nodded, stretching into a shape that might have been relief. “Only if they’ve got almond milk.”

Old Man Higgins exhaled a slow, thoughtful cloud. “And chai,” he said. “With oat milk. Let’s not rush back.” They stood there a moment longer than necessary, which is to say exactly as long as the moment required. Somewhere in the city, a shopping cart completed its journey. Somewhere else, the Paul Bunyan statue remained undecided, axe suspended, forever on the verge of action, forever advised, gently, to notice the urge to swing and let it pass.



Imagine Yellow

By Nümar Petrall

Eva is already there before anyone agrees she is there.

Not placed, not arranged—simply present, as if the room had been waiting for a configuration it did not know how to describe until she interrupted it by existing on its floor.

"Where did this come from," says Petr, but the sentence does not finish as itself, it drifts, it repeats slightly, as if unsure whether it should have been spoken at all.

Klára is holding the ribbon. Yellow, excessive, obedient only in appearance.

"It was always here," she says. "We just hadn't used it yet."

"That's not possible," says Jan.

"Neither is most of what we do," Klára replies, and then stops speaking as if speech has exhausted its usefulness for the moment.

Eva lies back.

Not theatrically. Not carefully. More like something giving up its resistance to gravity out of mild curiosity.

“Don’t tie me like I can’t breathe,” she says.

“We are not tying you,” Petr says, too quickly, as if denying an accusation no one has yet formulated.

Klára begins anyway.

The ribbon does not wrap so much as it accumulates meaning through repetition. It crosses Eva’s body, returns, hesitates, forgets its prior path, finds it again, abandons it again. The yellow becomes a structure that is not structural.

Jan watches and then stops watching and then watches again, as if observation itself is unstable.

“What is this supposed to be,” he says.

“It is not supposed,” Klára says without looking at him.

Eva's voice interrupts from inside the forming geometry of yellow.

"I am outside," she says.

Petr looks up. "We are inside."

"Yes," Eva says. "That is why I am outside."

No one resolves this distinction because it refuses resolution as a category.

The room begins to lose its edges. Not physically, but in attention. The corners soften, not because they change, but because no one is holding them in place with perception.

Klára pauses.

"We should be precise," she says.

"There is no precision left," Jan says.

"There is always precision," Klára replies, and continues wrapping.

The ribbon resists only in the sense that anything repeated too often begins to develop memory of its own movement. It slows where it

has been before. It thickens where it has crossed itself too many times.

Eva closes her eyes.

“What do you see,” Petr asks, and it is unclear whether he is asking about vision or condition or permission.

“Rain,” Eva says.

Klára stops for a fraction of time that does not register as interruption.

“There is no rain,” Petr says.

“It is still raining,” Eva says. “It just has nowhere to fall.”

Jan shifts his weight. “This is not how rooms behave.”

“No,” Klára says. “This is how people behave in rooms.”

A chair scrapes somewhere behind them, though no one remembers who moved.

At some point—not agreed, not announced—Klára begins unwrapping.

Not reversing, not correcting. More like translating the accumulation back into sequence.

“Careful,” Petr says. “It remembers.”

“So do we,” Klára says.

The ribbon comes away reluctantly, as if it is unsure whether it agrees with the decision to no longer be a body.

A strip slips.

It does not fall.

It disappears between two boards.

Jan notices first.

“Stop,” he says.

Klára does not stop.

“It’s gone,” Petr says.

“It is not gone,” Eva says without opening her eyes. “It is where it decided to stay.”

No one argues with this because argument requires a shared surface, and the surface is no longer stable.

They finish without finishing.

The room does not acknowledge completion.

—

Years do not arrive cleanly.

They layer. They misalign. They build partitions where none were needed, then pretend they were always necessary.

Now Petr is older, though that word does not attach properly to him. Klára passes through corridors that have learned to echo differently. Jan is absent in a way that no one bothers to correct.

The building is divided into offices.

Glass. Light that refuses memory. Neutrality as administrative decision.

Petr stands near the floor seam.

“I dropped something,” he says.

“What,” asks a voice behind him, not interested enough to stop walking.

“A pen.”

Klára passes, slowing only slightly.

“Don’t look too closely at the floor,” she says.

“Why,” Petr asks.

“Because it answers,” she says, and continues walking.

He kneels.

Between two boards there is a refusal of uniformity. Not color exactly. Not object. Something that interrupts expectation of continuity.

He squints.

“Is that insulation,” asks someone, already bored with the question.

“I don’t think so,” Petr says.

“It’s probably nothing,” the voice replies, relieved.

Klára stops at the end of the corridor.

Without turning fully she says, “Nothing is just what hasn’t been named correctly yet.”

No one responds.

Petr looks longer than necessary for usefulness.

The yellow is there, reduced, not diminished, simply concentrated into persistence.

He does not touch it.

He stands.

The conversation behind him resumes as if it had never been interrupted by perception.

Klára leaves.

At the threshold she says, very quietly, as if speaking into a place that no longer guarantees reception:

“We didn’t finish it.”

No one asks what “it” refers to.

The plant in the corner leans toward light it cannot reach, as if practicing a movement it will never complete.

Between the boards, something continues without permission.

STILLWATER AVENUE, BANGOR, MAINE. I WALKED LISTENING TO T. S. ELIOT (1950s RECORDINGS)— AN AMERICAN WHO EXILED HIMSELF INTO SYNTAX. CAREFUL VOICE. DULL WEATHER. A POET TRYING TO HOLD THE WORLD IN PLACE.

WE SHALL NOT CEASE FROM EXPLORATION...

BANGOR MALL (FORMERLY OPEN)

TEMPLES OF CONSUMPTION. FAITH WITHOUT BELIEF. ARCADES REMEMBER FUTURES THAT NEVER ARRIVED.

YOU NEED TO FIGURE OUT SOME THINGS ABOUT YOURSELF!

MOON PATROL

1UP 00 HIGH SCORE 20000

© 1982 CREDITS 02

OUT OF ORDER IN SPIRIT ONLY.

Blood 4 Life Gang B

ALL LANGUAGE SEEKS ALLEGIANCE.

PAINT PEELS. MOISTURE RISES. COLUMNS PRETEND TO BE ETERNAL.

PIXELS BOUNCE. PARALLAX LIES. THE LUNAR BUGGY JUMPS, BUT NOTHING CHANGES.

HICKORY FARM SHEDS

RENT TO OWN!

*FREEDOM, AMORTIZED. ESCAPE IN INSTALLMENTS!

Winky SUGAR FREE PARFAITS

LOW CALORIE • EXCELLENT SOURCE OF VITAMIN C!

STRAWBERRY LEMON LIME ORANGE

8 CUPS KEEP REFRIGERATED

PATCH & HOPE PAINT

FIND THE 10 DIFFERENCES!

Q: WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE PLAYGROUND?

A: TO GET TO THE OTHER SLIDE!

THE OBJECT WAS ALREADY IN THE ROOM. ONLY ITS FUNCTION CHANGED.

CHEMISTRY SIMULATES PLEASURE WITHOUT CONSEQUENCE.

"Theses on the Parking Lot as Temporary Arcades (Bangor Fragment)"

By Badly Mischka

(unwritten, but briefly manifested)

The asphalt expanse behind the Walmart in Bangor is not merely a surface for vehicles. It is a threshold space in which the commodity, having been selected and paid for, pauses before entering private life. In this pause, something unexpected occurs: the logic of use-value falters, and a different kind of collectivity appears.

In the morning light, employees gather not as a workforce in the strict sense, but as a dispersed congregation of timing. Engines idle. Doors open and close with the soft mechanical neutrality of habit. Yet within this repetition, signals begin to drift—music, gesture, rhythm.

One car emits a sequence: synthesized brass with a Baltic cadence, retrofitted jazz rendered through electronic circuitry. Another responds with familiar cultural fragments—songs of friendship, heroic themes from imagined northern epics, and the absurd choreography of the "Chicken Dance." These are not selections in competition, but rather fragments of a shared archive surfacing without permission.

A small circle forms, not by instruction but by gravitational curiosity. Bodies exit vehicles. Movement begins. Dancing in a retail parking lot is not performance in the theatrical sense; it is closer to an interruption in the circulation of utility. It is labor suspended, not negated.

Nearby, another associate remains within the sealed interior of a car, window lowered just enough to allow participation without entry. Smoke drifts outward in slow administrative curls. He observes without committing, occupying a third position: neither participant nor detached observer, but something closer to a witness of partial withdrawal.

What is decisive here is not the music itself, nor even the dance, but the sudden reconfiguration of space. The parking lot—ordinarily a zone of arrival and departure—becomes briefly something else: a commons without declaration, a stage without architecture, a collective without program.

Such moments do not accumulate history in the official sense. They vanish as quickly as they appear, absorbed back into shift schedules, inventory systems, and the quiet return of individual routines. Yet they leave behind a residue in perception: the sense that even the

most administered spaces contain within them the possibility of interruption.

One might say: the commodity produces its own dream of freedom, but here, in this brief interval, the dream is no longer possessed by the commodity. It is enacted by bodies that did not wait for permission.
And then it ends. Doors close. Engines start. The parking lot returns to being only a parking lot.

But for a moment, it had been something else entirely.

J. W. Orr, del. C. Hullmandel & Walton, Lith.

THE SEA SERPENT OF THE NORTHERN OCEAN,

AS SEEN AND SKETCHED BY CAPT. JAMES H. BIDDLE, OF THE BRIG "ENTERPRISE,"

AUGUST 17, 1848.

De Sonitu et Serpente:

A Tidal Inquiry

into The Long Body That Sings

BEING A CHRONICLE OF OBSERVED IMMENSITIES, COLLECTED TESTIMONIES, RHYTHMIC DISTURBANCES, AND CIVIC MISHEARINGS ACROSS WATERS KNOWN AND HALF-KNOWN

By Amos Vivipare Chinoise

I. Capillary Waves

In the smallest trembling of the sea—before wind has declared itself, before the sky commits to motion—there arises a shiver so slight that only the most idle observer, or the most burdened, attends to it. Here begin the least trustworthy accounts.

A boy on a riverbank reports that the water "tickled itself." A sailor, writing in a hand already tired of its own authority, notes: *minute corrugations, as if stroked by invisible strings.* A third, less cautious, draws not lines but curves, extending them beyond proportion until the page itself seems to recoil.

These are not yet serpents. These are not yet instruments.

Yet from such delicate instabilities the mind, desiring fullness, draws forth both.

It is observed that when repetition occurs without visible cause, the ear begins its quiet labor of invention. A pattern heard twice becomes intention; heard thrice, it acquires agency. Thus the earliest wave, barely present, becomes—through insistence—the first whisper of a body not yet risen.

And so we begin not with the beast, but with the smallest failure to ignore.

II. Gravity Waves

When the wind applies itself with modest conviction, the surface answers. Undulation replaces tremor. The sea begins to speak in longer sentences.

Here the witnesses multiply.

Logbooks from northern passages record “extended backs” that neither break nor subside. Others describe a procession of arcs, evenly spaced, as though governed by an unseen

metronome. One observer, precise to the point of self-sabotage, records intervals rather than lengths:

“Distance between crests consistent. Sound accompanying—regular. Not wave alone.”

It is at this stage that the acoustic intrusion first appears with clarity. A plucked interval, faint but persistent, accompanies the motion. It does not belong to rigging, nor to mast, nor to the habitual complaints of wood under stress.

The rational man insists: resonance.
The imaginative man insists: musician.
The exhausted man writes both, then crosses neither out.

Meanwhile, on distant shores, an instrument of stretched string and hollow body, carried across generations and geographies, produces a like pattern—repetition sharpened into identity. Its voice travels, not merely through air, but across expectation itself.

Thus two phenomena—wave and rhythm—advance toward one another without knowledge, yet not without consequence.

III. Swell

Far from origin, the sea remembers forces no longer present. The swell arrives with dignity, having outlived its cause.

Here, testimony assumes grandeur.

Entire crews stand witness to a length exceeding propriety. The body—if body it be—extends beyond the capacity of a single gaze. It is reported in segments, each observer responsible only for a portion, the whole assembled afterward like a civic myth.

Yet alongside this extension comes the most troubling report:

“The sound preceded the appearance.”

Not wind, not rope, not the incidental music of labor—but something articulated, discrete, repeating with the confidence of design. One man claims to have counted measures. Another, less

disciplined, describes “fingers,” though none were seen.

The swell, in its amplitude, grants permission to synthesis. What is long must also be intentional; what repeats must belong to something that knows repetition.

Thus the sea, indifferent, is compelled to host a performer it has never admitted.

IV. Breaking Waves

At the moment of collapse, certainty fractures.

The crest overturns; the body—if it was ever singular—dissolves into white violence. Here the accounts diverge most violently.

One declares: “It was only water.”
Another: “It withdrew in sections.”
A third: “The music ceased when it struck itself.”

Yet there are those who insist upon a more troubling sequence:

The form vanished.
The rhythm did not.

This inversion—sound persisting beyond source—produces a crisis of classification. For if the creature generates the sound, its disappearance should silence it. If the sound generates the creature, then its persistence threatens to call the body back into being.

On certain coasts, long after the event, listeners report patterns upon the water at night. No instrument is visible. No performer confesses. Yet the rhythm, modest but insistent, repeats.

The prudent withdraw.
The attentive remain.
The susceptible begin to describe.

V. Seiche

In enclosed waters—harbors, river mouths, the quiet basins where commerce pretends to be permanence—the motion does not travel onward. It returns upon itself.

Here the phenomenon acquires a civic character.

Along a northern river, where salt and fresh dispute without resolution, the pilings of old docks conduct sound with a fidelity that betrays them. A solitary observer, neither drunk nor entirely reliable, records:

“Music from below the planks. Long shadow accompanying, though no form sustained.”

The warehouses, having forgotten their contents but not their echoes, contribute to the confusion. What was once struck within them now seems to answer from the water.

The instrument—carried, traded, forgotten, recalled—has left behind a grammar of repetition. The river, eager for pattern, adopts it.

Thus, in such places, one does not see the serpent. One hears the conditions under which it would be seen.

VI. Rogue Waves

There are events that exceed all preparation.

Without sufficient cause, without adequate warning, the sea presents a magnitude that invalidates prior measure. So too with certain reports, scattered but persistent, which refuse to align with the modesty of preceding accounts.

A single witness—always singular in such cases—describes an emergence total enough to abolish doubt. Length, curvature, motion, and sound cohere with intolerable clarity. The rhythm is not faint but declarative. The body is not inferred but given.

And yet—

No second witness confirms.
No instrument records.
No subsequent appearance sustains the claim.

These are dismissed, as they must be, for the preservation of discourse.

And yet they remain, lodged like splinters within the corpus, reminding the careful reader that exclusion is not refutation, only management.

VII. Tsunami

At last, we arrive where all distinctions fail.

In the great displacement—where origin is remote, effect immediate, and scale indifferent to comprehension—the categories of wave, creature, and sound collapse into one another without residue.

Here, no one speaks of serpents.
Here, no one hears instruments.
Here, motion itself becomes total, and the mind, deprived of contrast, ceases its stitching.

And yet, in the aftermath, among the scattered survivals of note and recollection, there appears a curious uniformity:

Descriptions of rhythm without source.
Descriptions of length without boundary.
Descriptions of intention without agent.

It is as though, in the overwhelming, the mind rehearses its oldest habit—binding motion to meaning, repetition to will, extension to life.

Final Consideration

From the smallest tremor to the most ruinous surge, one observes not the persistence of a creature, nor the migration of an instrument, but the constancy of a need.

Where motion exceeds expectation, form is supplied.
Where repetition exceeds randomness, agency is assigned.
Where both coincide upon the unstable surface of the sea, there arises—inevitably—

the long body that seems to play.

Let it not be said that such reports are false.

Rather, let it be understood that they are **complete**, in that they record not only what the eye and ear receive, but what the mind cannot refrain from completing.

And if, on certain nights, along certain waters, one hears a pattern that does not belong to wind or work—it is sufficient, and perhaps necessary, to listen without deciding.

BANGOR EUROPEAN MARKET
Skoufis Variety
Rubber Door Mat
PLINY
THE ELDER

Plinian Notes from a Living Antiquity

The Lecture of Gaius Plinius Secundus (Pliny the Elder)

Delivered to the Combined Membership of the Bangor Rotary Club, the Penobscot Paddle and Chowder Society, and a Distinguished Delegation of Bangor's Greek Families

Outside the Bangor European Market, 11 March 1959, 14:30 hours, light snow, Kodak flashbulbs like minor celestial disturbances.

My friends, fellow Rotarians, paddlers, chowder enthusiasts, and—kalí méra sas—to the distinguished Greek families of Skoufis Variety, Brountas, Vafiades, and the Palace of Sweets, I greet you in the only language appropriate to such a layered municipality: Latin for structure, Greek for endurance, and English for retail survival.

Before we proceed, I must also acknowledge the presence of the City Counter-Archivist, Mr. Harold T. Winslow, who has kindly informed me—before I even began speaking—that none of what I am about to describe is, strictly speaking, municipally verifiable.

He is seated near the espresso urn. He is making notes that appear to contradict themselves in real time.

Excellent. We proceed.

Slide Apparatus and the problem of Evidence

Let us begin with the lantern slides, prepared by my brother-in-law Frank.

Mr. Winslow has already raised a small placard reading:

“NO APPROVED PHOTOGRAPHIC AUTHORITY EXISTS FOR SLIDE PROJECTION THEORY IN THIS JURISDICTION.”

Frank, nevertheless, continues loading the camera.

(Slide 1: Skoufis Variety, 1957)
Rubber door mat. Snow accumulation. Threshold condition.

Mr. Winslow murmurs that door mats are “non-archival surfaces.”

Frank writes in his notebook:
“Everything that gets stepped on remembers.”

I am inclined to trust Frank on this matter more than the Counter-Archivist.

The mat, as you see, has survived administrations, weather systems, and at least one minor labor dispute. It is, in Plinian terms, a sentient textile of commerce.

Marginal Correction (Winslow, p. 1):

“Door mats do not possess sentience. They possess dirt.”

(Slide 2: Tree Street Pressure Corridor, 1958)
Children. Steam. Porch dialogue suspended mid-air.

Mr. Winslow objects that “pressure corridor” is not a recognized urban classification.

Frank replies, without looking up:

“Then the city is misfiled.”

At this point, I must note that Frank is beginning to assume the tone of primary witness.

Tree Street, as I previously stated, functions as a compression system: multiple languages, species

of conversation, and meteorological hesitation all occupying the same narrow strip of municipal attention.

Mr. Winslow writes:

“Anecdotal acoustics are not admissible.”
Frank photographs him.

Slide 3: Palace of Sweets, Interior, 1956
Glass case. Cash register. Bell with E-flat resonance.

Mr. Winslow: “Sound cannot be preserved in glass.”

Frank, softly:
“It can if it refuses to leave.”

At this point, several members of the Greek delegation nod in what I can only describe as historical agreement without documentation.

Marginal Correction (Winslow, p. 2):
“No evidence exists of emotionally persistent currency registers.”

The Emergence of the Counter-Archive Problem
It is now necessary to address Mr. Winslow's expanding role.

He has begun annotating not only my remarks, but Frank's exposures, and occasionally the audience itself.

He has, for example, labeled the Skoufis door mat:

"Probable civic myth artifact (Category: textile fiction)."

Frank has counter-labeled Mr. Winslow:
"Probable resistance to visible memory."

We are entering what historians may one day call dual-authorship of the real.

Slide 4: Hancock Street, Night
Lone figure. Coffee cup. Temporal ambiguity.

Mr. Winslow:

“Subject appears duplicated across decades due to lens distortion.”

Frank:
“Or continuity.”

At this moment, something subtle shifts.
Frank is no longer documenting Bangor.
Bangor is beginning to document Frank.

Plinian Reassessment of Method

I must confess a developing uncertainty in my own authority.

Previously I assumed I was describing Bangor.
It now appears Bangor is functioning as a self-writing archive, with Frank as its stylus.

Mr. Winslow continues to insist this is “not how records work.”

Frank responds:
“Then your records are not listening.”

Marginal Correction (Winslow, p. 4):
“Records do not listen. Records do not listen.”

(Handwriting begins to waver here, the final words smaller and pressed tightly against the margin.)

Frank adds beneath it:
“That is their tragedy.”

The Greek Continuity Principle
To our Greek families present: your contribution remains the only stable variable in this experiment.

You arrived with memory already organized as commerce.

You converted displacement into storefront rhythm.

You preserved Constantinople not as nostalgia, but as operating procedure.

Mr. Winslow has labeled this:
“Informal economic sentiment clustering.”

Frank has labeled it:

“Inheritance that refused to migrate alone.”

I find Frank’s terminology more usable.

Final Structural Shift: Frank as Primary Historian
At this point, I must concede a formal demotion in my own role.

Frank is now annotating my speech in real time.
He has written in the margin of my prepared text:
“Pliny is useful here as narrative scaffolding, but the real archive is ambient.”

I objected to this privately.

Frank replied:
“You are not the author. You are the caption.”

Mr. Winslow, unusually, did not contradict him.

Closing Slide (Uncatalogued by All Parties)

Frank has inserted a final image not listed on the official sheet.

It shows:

The Skoufis door mat (snow absent)
Tree Street (empty, but still speaking)
The Palace of Sweets bell (mid-ring, unlocated source)

Mr. Winslow (looking up for the first time)
Myself (apparently mid-sentence, already fading into annotation)

No one recalls when this photograph was taken.
Frank writes:

“This is not a record of Bangor. It is Bangor noticing itself.”

Final Address

Therefore, I propose the following revised motion:

1. That Bangor be recognized as a living archival organism with multiple authorships.
2. That Mr. Winslow’s Counter-Archive be preserved as a necessary but non-final interpretive layer.
3. That Frank be acknowledged—reluctantly, and with appropriate civic discomfort—as the principal historian of all observed

phenomena, including those still in progress.

4. That Pliny the Elder be considered an early stylistic interface rather than a primary source.

Seconded?

The Greek delegation says “Opa.”

One elder adds quietly, under his breath: “Kai to mnimeio zoi.”

Marginal Correction (Winslow, p. 5):
“Greek phrase of informal ethnic affirmation, roughly ‘and the party continues.’”

Frank, without hesitation:
“It means the memory is still trading.”

Mr. Winslow does not reply.

Motion carried.

Postscript (Added After the Flashbulbs)
Mr. Winslow has appended a final note to the official record:

“Subject lecture did not occur in verifiable form. Did not occur in verifiable form.”

Frank, in the photographic margin, has written: “It did. But not in your version.”

And I find, to my professional discomfort, that I agree with him.

End of Lecture
Bangor European Market, 11 March 1959
Archive status: Ambient, ongoing, and uncontested by its true author.

ISAIAH 1:16
EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS
WASH YOU, MAKE YOU CLEAN
1:16

The Circle Has Been Made Clean

By Adalbert Volkmer

Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; ISA 1: 16 kj

Really Clean Restrooms –

THAT'S OUR COMMITMENT tacked to pine at the Irving CIRCLE K

and the prophet is taped right under the mirror.

This restroom has been checked by:

6:00 AM DD, 6:30 AM DD, 7:00 AM DD, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00 –

inspected every 30 minutes, man, on 5/5/26,

while the evening cicada is still up 4 AM - 8 AM on trees, Jul - Aug,

while the firefly is just going to bed 7 PM - 4 AM flying near water in June.

I got the checklist howling in my head like a jazz sutra:

TOILET PAPER ✓

PAPER TOWELS ✓

TRASH CAN EMPTY / CLEAN ✓

TOILET BOWL / TANK CLEAN ✓

WALLS CLEAN ✓

MIRROR CLEAN ✓

SINK & FIXTURES CLEAN ✓

EXHAUST FANS CLEAN ✓

SOAP DISPENSER FULL ✓

DEODORIZE / FRESH SMELL ✓

ALL LIGHTS WORKING ✓

holy! holy! the soap!

And under the hand dryer the red sign screams —

EMPLOYEES MUST

WASH HANDS

BEFORE

RETURNING TO WORK

as Isaiah screams it back from 700 BC –

WASH YOU! MAKE YOU CLEAN!

Cease to do evil, you stinkbug on flowers Mar–Oct all day,

you man-faced stinkbug lurking 7 PM – 8 AM,

you giant water bug in the ponds and rivers 7 PM – 8 AM Apr–Sep.

I am washing my hands next to the scarab beetle (11 PM – 8 AM, on trees, Jul–Sep)

next to the earth-boring dung beetle rolling snowballs all day Dec–Feb,

next to the blue weevil beetle, the rosalia batesi, the citrus long-horned – all day, all year, on tree stumps.

Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes!

The migratory locust is on the ground 8 AM – 7 PM Aug–Nov

the rice grasshopper ditto

the grasshopper 8 AM – 5 PM Jul–Sep

the cricket and the bell cricket 5 PM – 8 AM Sep–Nov singing in the trash can EMPTY/CLEAN.

The wasp is shaking trees all day all year – Y – 4 count –

The brown cicada 8-5 Jul-Aug, the robust cicada, the giant cicada X'd out,

walker cicada 8-5 Aug-Sep – Y –

The red dragonfly flying near water 8 AM – 7 PM Sep–Oct,

darner dragonfly Apr–Oct,

banded dragonfly – Yes! – Y – 3 count – May–Oct,

damselfly all day Nov–Feb.

The mole cricket is underground all day Nov–May while DD initials the log.

The pondskater and diving beetle do figure eights on Ponds and Rivers 8 AM – 7 PM May–Sep.

The lady bug clocks in 8 AM – 5 PM Mar–Jun, Oct, on flowers, just like the honeybee.

I am standing in the buzzing fluorescence at Circle K with my hands under hot water

and the mirror is clean enough to see my own evil doings.

Share your feedback with us by calling or texting 1.207.558.1352. Please reference store _____.

I reference my soul. I reference the long locust. I reference the toilet bowl.

WASH YOU!

MAKE YOU CLEAN!

DEODORIZE!

FRESH SMELL!

Every 30 minutes, every cicada shell left on a tree in July, every mantis on white flowers Mar–Nov,

every employee returning to work,

every weary Kerouac kid on the road to God with dirty hands –

WASH.

Fifty-Eight Leading
Merchants Have Entered
Floats in the Big Parade
CARNIVAL NIGHT
DANCING

EUDAIMONIA

1988 MITSUBISHI MIRAGE

A MOBILE PRINTERY, LIBRARY,
RADIO LISTENING POST, SURVEY UNIT,
AND SHELTER.

IDENTITY SYSTEM

OFFICIAL NAME:
UNIT 88-B SKYWAVE DIVISION

FIELD NAME:
MOVABLE TYPE MIRAGE

RADIO ALIAS:
HETERODYNE HATCHBACK

SLEEP MODE:
SOFT OCCUPANCY UNIT

HAND PAINTED LETTERING
INSPIRED BY 1950s
WORK VEHICLES

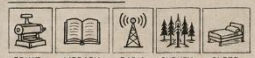
- 1 SHOT ENAMEL
- BRUSH PAINT
- SIMPLE LAYOUT
- FUNCTION FIRST
- HUMAN HAND NOT PERFECT

INSIDE THE EUDAIMONIA

ON BOARD EQUIPMENT

- LINOBLOCK PRINTING
- THERMAL PRINTER
- LAPTOP (SURPLUS)
- SOLAR FLASHLIGHT
- AM RADIO RECEIVER
- BOOKS & CATALOGS
- SLEEP SYSTEM

MODES OF OPERATION



TOOLS. KNOWLEDGE. GOOD COMPANY. THAT'S ENOUGH.

BREAD

By Winston Harlow

The loaf remembers
more fingers
than the face remembers names

In the cellar
women bend over bowls
like saints over cracked planets

they strain truth through breadcloth
through steam
through the tired white lungs of flour

what remains
sticks to the hands

The priest's litany blares from the radio
but yeast speaks lower
and survives the fire

A child tears the loaf
and smoke comes out

all our fathers
hid their truth in bread
warm

brief
passed from palm to palm

At night
the tables shine with crumbs

The forgotten return quietly
through kitchens

through the slow breathing
of dough

through the black knife
lying beside the salt

Man is small beneath hunger

and truth is smaller still

yet every morning
someone kneads it again
with both fists
against the wooden world

FOLK ANTHOLOGY

BIBLIOGRAPHIC LINER NOTES

CELESTIAL MONOCHORD EDITION

after Harry Smith / Folkways Cosmology

THEODOR DE BRY
CELESTIAL MONOCHORD
after Robert Fludd

VOLUME COLORS / MAINE COSMOLOGY

I BLUE	WATER / MEMORY / AMNESIA
II RED	FIRE / FOREST / EXTRACTION
III GREEN	AIR / PINE / MOOSE / MOTION
IV YELLOW	EARTH / FERMENT / SAUSAGE
V BLACK	SIGNAL / TRANSPORT SYSTEMS

These are not authoritative scriptures. They are working maps for the stubborn and the curious. Read sideways. Read under. Read against the grain. The real footnotes are under snow, under bark, under skin.

– H. Smith (spiritually present)

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WATER / MEMORY / AMNESIA SYSTEMS

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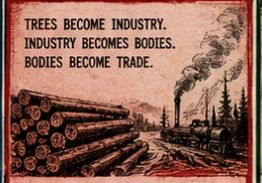
VOLUME II – RED

FIRE / FOREST / MAINE EXTRACTION SYSTEM

TREES BECOME INDUSTRY. INDUSTRY BECOMES BODIES. BODIES BECOME TRADE.



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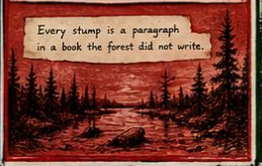

VOLUME III – GREEN

AIR / MAINE PINE / MOOSE / CLOG SYSTEM

EVERGREEN BREATH ROLLS THROUGH NORTHERN WOOD AND ANIMAL MEMORY.

FOREST AIR THINKS IN NEEDLE AND HOOF.

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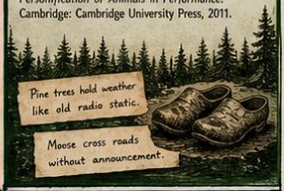

VOLUME IV – YELLOW

EARTH / FERMENT / SAUSAGE SYSTEMS

MEAT BECOMES TIME. TIME BECOMES MICROBE. MICROBE BECOMES CULTURE.

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VOLUME V – BLACK INDEX

SIGNAL / TRANSPORT / CARPOOL SYSTEMS

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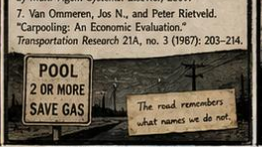
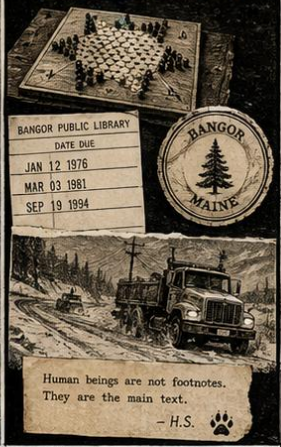


CLOSING NOTE

Aunt Nelly could make you cry but she was unbeatable at Chinese Checkers.



Human beings are not footnotes. They are the main text.

– H.S.

READ SLOW. LISTEN CLOSER. THE REAL ANTHOLOGY IS HAPPENING NOW.

FIELD NOTES FOR THE STUBBORN & THE CURIOUS

MAINE / MEMORY / MOVEMENT / MEAT / MOTION